

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 41.

Boston, October, 1908.

No. 5.



BRECKENRIDGE AND THE TEN-MILE RANGE ON THE COLORADO & SOUTHERN RY.

AUTOMOBILES, SHOT GUNS AND DOGS FOR THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY AND LIFE.

It gives us great pleasure to see that our plan of having two or more policemen, armed [in addition to their revolvers] with short double-barreled shot guns go half a dozen times each night on an automobile by nearly every house in town, stopping wherever a signal light requests them to stop, is attracting wide attention from the press, and is

likely to result in its adoption by thousands of country towns for the increased protection of property and life.

We are fully satisfied that wherever this plan is adopted, burglars and thieves will consider it dangerous business to visit such towns, and if, in addition to this, a few police dogs, trained [as they are in many parts of Europe] to aid in tracking and arresting criminals, shall come to be employed, we think our country towns will have vastly better protection from outrages than they have

ever had before. The accounts which we have gathered of the great services rendered by these police dogs in European countries are very interesting. The same plan can be adopted, of course, to a greater or less extent in cities. GEO. T. ANGELL.

POLICE DOGS.

[We give the two following statements as samples of what we have collected in regard to police dogs.]

"Specially trained dogs have been added to the Paris police force for the better policing of Bois de Boulogne at night. By their means vagabonds and footpads in hiding can be tracked and arrested, and the chief of police is considering the advisability of placing some dogs on certain suburbs which have acquired an unenviable notoriety owing to the frequency of burglaries and attacks on persons. The rabies scare has evidently not reached Paris."—From the *Boston Herald* and June, 1907, *Our Dumb Animals*.

POLICE DOGS IN HOLLAND.

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased, it became apparent that night crimes, even in the worst quarters of Ghent, almost disappeared. Cunning ruffians had often contrived to outwit the soldierly patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed and sagacious dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evil-doers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty guards, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that man and dog can always count on their neighbors' support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that

they visit every yard of their beat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night guards are used by day they get extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night watch.

Relating the achievements of his dogs, M. Van Wesemeal told of an arrest by one of them, named Beer. One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. The fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg. The moment the officer appeared Beer gave up his prisoner and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened, sobered even, the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled. This was promptly done, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep.

Tom is another dog no less alert. One winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at anxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's colleague came along and asked about the sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglars. He is a record racer of great weight and strength, long and lean of fang, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that not even point blank revolver shots will turn him from his duty. He has been wounded more than once and has narrowly escaped death.—From *The Century* and February, 1907, *Our Dumb Animals*.

A GRAND SUGGESTION.

We have, on this September 1, an interesting letter from the editor of *The Toronto Daily Star*, J. E. Atkinson, in which he brings to mind that in 1914 will come the centennial anniversary of the conclusion of our last war with Great Britain, and urges that a hundred years of peace should be made the occasion of a great international celebration, and asks, "Could a more appropriate monument be erected in commemoration of the event than a duplicate of the one placed in the Andes as a pledge of eternal peace between Argentine and Chili?"

This letter is a grand suggestion, which we are glad to send out to the over twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines that receive our paper every month, with the earnest hope of all interested in our American Humane Education Society that the suggestion may be adopted, and do a splendid work for the promotion of the objects of our organization, "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature." GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR HORSES.

Our horses, whom it is our duty to represent, are all for peace and arbitration. They want no wars in Cuba or the Philippines or anywhere. Too many of them have died on battlefields and by starvation and terrible cruelty in the handling of cannon and ambulances and army supplies to have any love of war.

The horses of America would all vote for peace. GEO. T. ANGELL.

FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED HORSES AND MULES FOR PHILIPPINES.

[An Old Editorial.]

Washington, Sept. 8.—The quartermaster's department has landed 630 head of horses and mules at Manila, there are 2500 on the sea, and arrangements are about completed to ship 2400 more within a few weeks.

—*Boston Evening Transcript*, Sept. 8.

We are sorry it has been found necessary to send fifty-five hundred horses and mules to the Philippines.

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

Supreme Justice David J. Brewer recently asked the chairman of the appropriations committee in the house of congress why it was that this nation had not paid off any of its billion dollar debt in the last ten years. He received this reply:

"In the last ten years the total appropriations for the army were eight hundred and nineteen million dollars. Of course, I omit giving anything but round figures. This is exclusive of pensions. For the prior ten years the appropriations were only two hundred and forty-five million dollars. During the last ten years the appropriations for the navy were eight hundred and ninety-seven million dollars, the ten years prior two hundred and sixty-two million dollars, or an excess in the appropriations for the army and navy during the last ten years over the prior ten years of one billion, one hundred and nineteen million dollars. That is why we have not paid the national debt."

The bugbear of war, and the war spirit and the army and navy aristocracy are yearly plunging this nation more and more into the class of army-ridden Europe. It is time to call a halt and to stop the extravagance. The only way to do it is to elect peace-loving and peace-believing men to the highest offices.—*Lawler (Iowa) Dispatch*, Aug. 20, 1908.

OUR WAR EXPENSE.

Chairman Tawney of the House Committee on Appropriations declares that we are spending this year for war preparation and on account of wars eighty-four million, nine hundred and seventy-five thousand, two hundred and thirty-eight dollars more than England, one hundred and thirty-six million, sixty-seven thousand, eight hundred and thirty-eight dollars more than Germany, and one hundred and fifty-two million, eight hundred and fifty-nine thousand, nine hundred and thirty-six dollars more than France.—*Practical Ideas*.

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The *New York Evening Post*, as all newspaper people know, is one of the most conservative and reliable papers printed in the city of New York and here is what the *Post* says about our financial condition:

Few business men, comparing their balance sheets of July 1, 1908, and July 1, 1907, can have faced a more disagreeable showing than the treasury at Washington. A year ago there was a surplus on the year's operations of \$84,000,000. To-day there is a deficit of \$60,000,000. Net showing to the bad, \$144,000,000. In private affairs, such a black result would raise an instant demand for the most severe economies. Only by drastic retrenchment have railroads and other corporations been able to stand up against the depression. But what federal official has lifted up his voice for economy? But economy seems to be a lost art at Washington.—*New York Evening Post*.

For the sake of both horses and humanity it is my most earnest hope that this terrible expenditure of money on navies and armies may soon cease. GEO. T. ANGELL.

BETTER NOT MEDDLE WITH POLITICS.

My dear Mr. Angell:—It seems to me that it would be better for you not to say so much through your paper about politics.

Answer. Many years ago our good father thought it his duty to try to persuade one of his richest parishioners to give up selling liquor, which was becoming a great danger in the town. The reply was, "I think you had better stick to the preachin' of the gospel and not meddle with other matters." Our father thought he was preaching the gospel, and finally his parishioner concluded to give up the business. Now our mission is not to prevent cruelty to animals alone, but to prevent wars which for ages have brought hell on earth to millions of human beings as well as animals, and through humane education and otherwise to promote Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb. For this purpose we have been fighting for years the President of the United States, whom our excellent ex-Governor and ex-Senator Boutwell declared "to be the most dangerous man in America," and about whom the *Springfield Republican* recently said "it is well for the country that the days of his stay have been numbered." A man whom we hold accountable for all the cost and suffering past and future of our Cuban and Philippine Wars; a man whose thoughts seem to be full of readiness to fight, who, although a ranchman himself, never said a word so far as we can learn about the hundred thousand dumb creatures that have been dying on the western plains from slow starvation; a man whose great enjoyment seems to be in shooting, wounding and killing creatures that never harmed him, and promoting in our army, navy, and everywhere as a chief sport, pugilistic boxing; a man who would strike off our coins the words placed there by our fathers, "In God we trust;" a man who wants all the schoolboys of the United States to use army rifles and be enlisted as soon as possible in the militia, and then (as we understand it) wants the President to have about the same power over the militia that the Czar of Russia has over the serfs in his dominions. We will not complain that our disapproval of his leaving his presidential duties at Washington for hunting in the West resulted in the throwing out of our paper from the public schools of Washington, D. C., because it attracted the attention of nearly every newspaper in America and some in Europe and resulted in benefit to our work, and we do not intend to say more than we have already said about his proposed shootings in Africa, because we think it better that he should be occupied there than to be stirring up a fighting spirit in all the public schools of America.

Now come before us two candidates to fill his place, the one whom he has chosen and seems determined shall succeed, a man who has travelled over the world at the government's expense, taking with him such of his own and Roosevelt's family as he chose, hobnobbing with kings and military leaders, and the question is, has he shown the wise judgment which ought to be held by the President of the United States? Was it good judgment at the tomb of General Grant, in the presence of Grant's children and friends, to tell the world what Grant's children deny, and speak of the squalid surroundings of Abraham Lincoln's early home? Was it good judgment to travel all the way from Virginia to Oyster Bay to have Roosevelt tell him what he should say in his campaign speech? Was it good judgment to ride forty miles in Virginia to see a horse race and then go to a hotel to dance the german? Was it good judgment to tell the reporters (as has been widely published) that he wants to be called "Bill"? Was it good judgment to stand in line with three other politicians, in bob-tail coats, to have his photograph taken to send over the country and the world as being a suitable man to fill about the most important office in the world? We doubt it, and are afraid that if elected his similar

mistakes in carrying out the Rooseveltian policies might involve us in wars which would cost us billions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives of human beings and horses. We hope that we may be mistaken in regard to the danger.

As to the other candidate, Bryan, we only know that he seems to have no special connection with Roosevelt and no special desire that we are aware of to carry out the Roosevelt fighting policies. It is a terrible pity, we think, that our nation cannot be permitted to vote for a man like Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, wounded in three battles while fighting for his country, head of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and we have a strong hope that before many years a new party will come up, embracing the best elements of both of the others and carry our nation up to a higher standard of civilization and humanity.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LEADING LAWYER OF OHIO.

A leading lawyer of Ohio says to us that in the minds of some there is a doubt whether our humane education may not lead to a loss of patriotism to fight for our country.

If a true patriotism required us to adopt that infernal doctrine set forth by one of our generals in a speech in our good city of Boston, some time since—"Our country, right or wrong,"—there would be no question in regard to the effect of humane education.

But if a true patriotism requires only that we fight for our country when right, then we say that the boy or man who will fight, if necessary, to protect a dumb animal from cruelty, will have no hesitation in fighting in a just cause for his country. Abraham Lincoln was such a man; so were Generals Grant and Sherman, who said, "War is hell," and others whom we might name. There is probably not a more humane people to all God's lower creatures on the face of our earth than the Japanese, and there is no nation on the face of the earth that has shown greater bravery.

We could write columns on this subject, but to intelligent, thoughtful minds it is unnecessary.

If we all had the spirit of William Penn we should never have any war with any nation.

If we all had the spirit of Abraham Lincoln we should never have an unjust war with any nation.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOUR YEARS MORE OF ROOSEVELT, PERHAPS EIGHT.

The Springfield Republican recently said of Roosevelt, "He is temperamentally unfit for the position he holds, and it is well for the country that the days of his stay there have been numbered." But now Roosevelt writes to a brother ranchman in Montana—not about the deaths by starvation of tens of thousands of cattle by ranchmen on western plains, but that Taft, whom he has nominated and proposes to elect President of the United States, will simply carry out his (Roosevelt's) plans for four years to come. Then, in the meantime having returned from Africa with a large amount of money accumulated by inspiring perhaps a million of our boys with his shooting propensities, he will be in condition to have Taft nominate him again, and the great army of office holders will be ready at the word of command to hold up both hands and hurrah for Roosevelt.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

We don't see that it makes much difference whether President Roosevelt personally holds the office of President or has another man there whom he absolutely controls and who will do everything in his power to go on raising armies and building battleships.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BOYS' BRIGADES.

A friend, calling on us the other evening, said he met a Sunday school boy belonging to one of the Boys' Brigades, holding a gun. He remonstrated with the boy in regard to the shooting of birds, but the boy at once replied, "President Roosevelt does it," as though that were conclusive on the subject. Now we have thought that President Roosevelt's proposed visit to Africa to shoot, wound, and kill animals he may find there, would be less harmful than some other things. But the newspapers are now stating that he is to receive an enormous price from some publishing firm for writing an account of all his shootings, which may get a circulation of millions among American schoolboys, and stimulate in them all an ambition to use army rifles and follow the example of their distinguished adviser. We have no doubt if Roosevelt does this it will bring to him personally a large amount of money, but what the effect will be on millions of schoolboys in America, is another and far more important consideration.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THOSE FOUR EMINENT POLITICIANS.

The cut which appeared in our last issue of Sheldon, Taft, Hitchcock and Von L. Meyer, standing in bob-tail coats to have their pictures taken, has attracted considerable attention from the press, but no one of the pictures seems to be more strikingly appropriate than that of sharp, shrewd, National Republican Chairman Hitchcock who has both hands in his pockets, suggestive of the half million dollars he proposes to spend to secure the election of the man who stands beside him.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PASTEUR AVENUE.

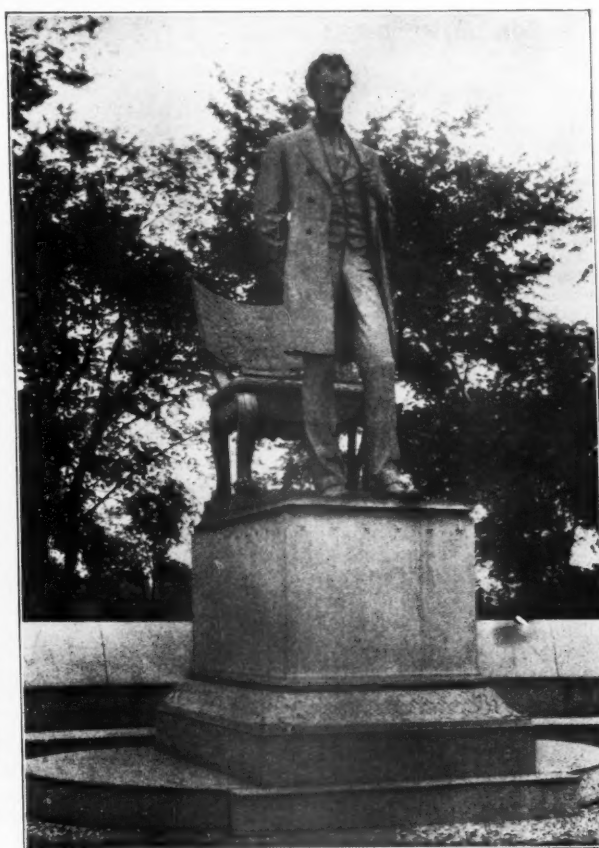
On September 6th we found in the Boston Post the following editorial:

"The naming of the splendid new avenue to be constructed from the Harvard Medical School buildings, Pasteur avenue, is a slight on the medical profession of Massachusetts, which has on its records many names deserving of this honor," said the venerable George T. Angell to the Post yesterday.

"I would suggest naming it after Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The name of Dr. Henry J. Bigelow also comes to my mind. I do not see why we have to go outside this country to find someone after whom to name our streets.

"If we must, then let us call the new avenue Lafayette avenue and not after Pasteur, who has probably maimed and cruelly treated more animals than any other one man in the whole scientific world.

"Why immortalize the name of a man like Pasteur? The avenue was given that name, I understand, because the president of Harvard College, Mr. Eliot, used his influence with the Democratic ex-Mayor of Boston to have it so named. Why, University avenue, or almost anything, would be preferable to the name it seems destined to bear unless public opinion demands that it be changed."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

St. Gauden's Statue

FROM "HEROES, GREATHEARTS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS."

Published by Fairfax Publishing Co., 80 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Dr. Timothy Leary, professor of bacteriology and pathology at Tufts College Medical School, said to the Post last night:

"Mr. Angell's real reason for objecting to Pasteur's name is not that he is a foreigner, but because he conducted experiments on animals."

To this we think it proper to add, that the avenue might as well have been named Vivisection avenue as Pasteur, because each name suggests to tens of thousands of intelligent people just as much as the other the multitudes of animals which the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has made dependent upon our mercy that are being constantly vivisectioned in our American medical schools. Our impression is that an overwhelming majority of the medical men of Massachusetts, who are every day attempting to relieve suffering, would prefer to have the avenue leading up to our great medical schools named Humanity avenue rather than Pasteur.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PASTEUR—TOO LATE.

The Boston Herald thinks we are too late in talking about "Pasteur avenue," as the avenue is already named. The Herald has evidently forgotten the fight we made when the name was first urged by President Eliot. At one of our visits to Richmond, Virginia, we heard the colored porter ringing with great power, a second time, the breakfast bell, and asked him if that was the second bell, to which he replied that it was not the second bell, but "de second ringing ob de first bell."

Our present talk about Pasteur avenue is the second ringing of the first bell we rang months ago when the name was first proposed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

POLO PLAYING CRUELTY.

We have recently entered a prosecution against a millionaire polo player, Mr. Allan Forbes, for cruelty to his ponies at the Hamilton polo grounds, and it has attracted wide attention from our Boston and other papers.

The case came on for trial September 19, in the Salem district court, before Justice George B. Sears. Julian Codman, Esq., and Gardner Perry, Esq., of Boston, appeared as counsel for Mr. Forbes, and after a long hearing, at their request, the case was postponed for argument to September 22. On that day it was argued at length by the defendant's two counsel and by our senior agent, Mr. Charles F. Clark, who, as part of his argument, submitted the following from President Angell of the Society: "President Angell desires me to submit to your Honor's kind consideration, in behalf of the Society he represents, the question whether under our Massachusetts laws it is not as truly a *crime* for a polo player to draw blood from his horse with his spurs or his polo stick as for a teamster to draw blood from his horse with his whip?"

At the close of the case the justice fined Mr. Forbes fifty dollars, from which decision Mr. Forbes appealed to a higher court, where it will come up for trial in October.

Our two agents who entered this complaint, Mr. Charles F. Clark and Mr. Frank G. Phillips, are excellent men, universally respected by all who know them. These Hamilton polo players represent millions of dollars; they have wide influence in politics and with the press; they can command the services of the highest-priced lawyers in the State, and the good will of all the veterinary surgeons whom they employ.

Some years ago, when we prosecuted a similar case, several lawyers whom we wished to retain to aid us for various reasons declined to do so, and we finally secured conviction only through the great efforts of our present district attorney, John B. Moran. We sent to another part of the State to obtain a veterinary, paid him, we think, twenty-five dollars for his services, and when he came to court he testified against us.

If it is as truly a violation of our Massachusetts laws for a polo player to draw blood, with his spurs or his polo stick, from the horse he has caused to be mutilated for life by cutting off its tail, as it is for the teamster to draw blood from his horse with his whip, then every polo player who violates the law becomes a *criminal*.

Many years ago we had a great battle at our State House with rich young men of Boston to prevent their shooting live pigeons from traps for sport and gambling bets. It was, we believe, the longest hearing of the whole session. They employed three prominent lawyers and brought a petition from lots of rich men that no such law be passed, and their leading lawyer informed me that if I succeeded in getting the law it would be the ruin of my society. I offset this with a petition of some three hundred clergymen that the law be passed, and told the pigeon shooters that in their cruel gambling sport they were in the same boat with a class of criminals who, if they could get control of the State of Massachusetts, would make real estate of no more value in Boston than it was in Sodom. We got the law. We prosecuted the first case of its violation. We drove the sport out of Massachusetts, then out of New Hampshire, then out of Maine, and now over a large part of our country it is a crime to practice it.

The eminent counsel strongly urged that it was wrong for our Society to prosecute so good a man as Allan Forbes, but they made no mention of the fact that simply to promote his sport he has probably caused a hundred horses to be mutilated for life (either outside the State, or where we could get no evidence) by having their tails cut off to about the length of a shoe brush.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Do you think it a wise plan to have societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals united in one organization?

Answer. In some smaller places it may work well, but in States and large cities I have no doubt that it is vastly better, as in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to have them entirely separate. I think that when separate they are likely to secure larger funds and do more effective work. Of course the members of each can also be members of the other. I am glad to be a life member of our four humane societies, The American Humane Education Society, The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Animal Rescue League, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and also to give assistance to our Work-Horse Parade and Red Acre Farm, but I am sure it is vastly better to have them all separate organizations and let every tub stand on its own bottom, then all giving money or legacies to any of them know precisely what they are giving to.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE WORK OF SOCIETIES FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

There comes to our table, published by the *American Humane Association* for wide circulation in our country and elsewhere, the following editorial we wrote and published in *Our Dumb Animals* nearly forty years ago, a few months after the founding of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

It is hardly possible for any one not in it to rightly estimate the magnitude of our work. Take the city of Boston alone, and one animal, *the horse*. Our courts are filled with cases of assaults upon men; but it would be speaking *far within bounds* to say, that for every such case there are *twenty cases* of cruel and illegal assaults upon horses. Take into consideration all the overloaded teams, the overloaded omnibuses, the overloaded horse-cars, the cases of fast driving, over-driving, overworking, under-feeding, neglect to water, neglect to properly shelter and protect from the weather, tight checkreins, sores worn by harness, twitchings, beatings, kickings, bad shoeing, bad pavements, bad stables, bad feeding, bad harness, bad grooming, *bad drivers*, and all the other various forms of abuse to which *the horse* is subjected. Then extend the estimate to the whole wide circle of dumb creatures, and to the whole three hundred and odd cities and towns of the State. Let it include all the cattle trains on the railroads of the State, crowded daily to suffocation with dumb creatures, hungry, thirsty, and sleepless; the merciless bleeding of calves; the bagging of cows; the starving at the cattle markets; the shearing of sheep in cold weather before they are sent to market; the cruel plucking of live fowls, and their cruel transportation; the cruel transportation of calves *tied*; the abominable treatment of old and worn-out horses; the short feeding of cattle; the cruel methods of slaughtering cattle, sheep, and swine; the cruel methods of killing poultry; the destruction of useful birds; the dog-fights and cock-fights in our cities; and last, though not least, the *almost incalculable tortures practised in the unnecessary dissections of living animals*. Sit down and consider how much you have *personally* seen and heard of; recollect, that, of what transpires in *your own city or town*, you do not see or hear of *one case in a thousand*; add to the population of your own city or town the population of the whole State. Recollect that the human population of the State is outnumbered *twenty to one* by the great animal population of the State, which can neither read, write, nor speak. Recollect that we, by our Act of incorporation and the subsequent laws passed

at our request, have become the legally authorized guardians and protectors of this innumerable multitude, bound by our public promises and declarations, and the position in which we stand, as well as by our sympathies, to do all that lies in our power for their welfare. Take *all* these things into consideration, *not lightly, for the moment*, but with thought and reflection; and you may then begin to realize something of the magnitude of our responsibilities, something of the magnitude of the necessities of the work.

Nor is this all. It strikes deeper at the foundations of society, nay, underlies farther *the very Church itself*, than the unreflecting may have dreamed. Like the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, it forms a grand plateau, on which all good men and women, of *all churches and no church*, can work together for those things which *underlie every church*. It proposes to go into every family of the State, Protestant, Catholic, infidel, and atheist (if such there be), and preach to all and each of them the new evangel, *Peace on earth and good-will to all God's creatures*. When the rights of dumb animals shall be protected, the rights of human beings will be safe. When the children in every home shall learn to spare the useful bird, nor plunder its little nest, systems of State-prison discipline will become less important.

About seven months ago we opened our offices, and commenced operations as a society. In the few weeks preceding we had secured an Act of incorporation, the passage of a code of laws, and an organization numbering, with its patrons, about fifteen hundred. We have already established our agents in many portions of the State. We have prosecuted in all, thus far, forty-two cases of cruelty, and obtained thirty-nine convictions. We have stopped a *great many cases* by warning without prosecution, and a *very large number* without either warning or prosecution. We have secured the purchase of public drinking fountains for Boston. We have aided in getting an improved specimen car for the transportation of cattle, put onto one of our railroads. We have printed *three hundred and thirty thousand copies of our paper*. Articles from it have been published and republished in the columns of other papers all over the country, to the number of hundreds of thousands more.

Few societies in the State, we think, ever did so much in so little time; and yet we feel that we have *only just begun to work*.

Not until our law shall have been perfected by further legislation and judicial decisions; not until our agents shall be found in every town; not until the rich shall give from their abundance in streams rather than driblets, and the poor according to their ability; not until the pulpit and the press, *those tremendous engines of good or evil*, shall speak plainly in our behalf; not until our paper, or its equivalent, shall be read in every school of the State, and every school boy and girl of the State shall be faithfully instructed as to the rights and wrongs of animals,—not until all these things have been accomplished, shall we begin to feel that we are properly coming up to the magnitude of our work. And then, when all these shall have been accomplished, if there shall be found in Massachusetts (*which may God grant!*) brains, hearts, and humanity so large that the State cannot give them scope—why, the nation and the world lie before us, with necessities just as great.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NO ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ever since beginning our *present* humane work, forty years ago, we have made it a rule of life to avoid everything and everybody that might interfere with our independence of thought and action, and so have invariably refused to take any advertisements at any price for this paper, the first of its kind in the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

MARBLEHEAD.

This picture has peculiar interest to me because one day, many years ago, I had the good fortune to assist in saving, at a wharf near there, the lives of two ladies who had contrived to upset their boat and were plunged into about ten feet of water. While getting out my boat I heard screams on the other side of the wharf and, taking an oar, leaped over the wharf as quickly as possible and saw these two ladies struggling in the water. I directed one to take hold of the oar and the other to take hold of the first one and hold on until I could get a boat from another wharf.

They did as I directed for a moment, then, giving a scream, let go the oar and were again plunged under water. As they came to the surface again, I used language more heroic which resulted in their holding onto the oar until I got a boat from another wharf.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



TUCKER'S WHARF, MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

By Courtesy of the Boston & Maine R. R.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Do you approve of secret societies, Mr. Angell? Answer: That depends upon whether they are good or bad; whether they tend to make their members and outsiders happier and better, or the contrary. The President of the United States, with his cabinet, constitute, sometimes, a secret society to determine who shall fill the perhaps sixty thousand political offices which they control. And then the national committees of Republican and Democratic parties decide secretly how much money it is going to cost to elect a President, and what orators shall be employed to enlighten or delude the people, and what amounts of money they shall be paid for their patriotic eloquence.

In the next issue of *Our Dumb Animals* I propose to speak more at length on this subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

QUEER THINGS.

Riding in a two-seated carriage on Massachusetts avenue at Arlington, near Boston, on September 7, in company with two ladies, while the horse was trotting, a bird flew into the carriage and lit on our right shoulder where it only stopped for a moment or two. The ladies thought it was *queer* and so did we.

In 1869, at the rooms of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, we had about an hour's hearing before a large meeting of the directors of the Royal Society, including some very eminent men, and urged upon them the starting of a paper devoted to the interests of animals, similar to our own, which was the first of its kind in the world. The directors decided to start the paper, and we had the pleasure of helping to name it "*The Animal World*." It was a beautiful paper, splendidly illustrated. In our quarters at Paris, in the heart of the city, the first copy came to us, and as we opened it, a bird flew to our window and sang a little song. We had seen or heard no bird there before and were surprised and delighted, but it certainly seemed *queer*.

When we took our lodgings in Paris near the Arc de Triomphe, while unpacking our trunk, a white dove flew in at our open window to the floor. We spoke kindly to it and fed it, and then it flew away. The French family with whom we boarded thought it very remarkable, and to us it seemed *queer*. Various incidents in the early history of our Societies, how we obtained from the city

government seventeen policemen for three weeks to canvass the whole city for funds; how, failing to get information about the terrible Brighton slaughterhouses because everybody was afraid to testify, and we were just going to press without it, a Brighton butcher who had been twenty years in the business and never known to do a kind act before, came voluntarily to our office and told us all we wanted to know, and so aided us in sending out, in two hundred thousand copies of our paper, the abominations which led to the establishment of the Brighton abattoir to take their place; how we succeeded in having all the city police of Boston turned into newspaper carriers to carry our paper to every house in the city; how, just at the moment we got ready to start our American Bands of Mercy, the very man of all men whom we most needed to help us came voluntarily to our offices.

All these things and many others which we often remember in regard to our humane work have seemed *queer*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EDWIN BOOTH AND OLE BULL.

In *The Pacific Monthly* for July, 1908, under the head of the great actors of old San Francisco, comes a picture of Edwin Booth. It had special interest to us, because when we were in the practice of law Edwin Booth was one of the most interesting clients that ever came to our offices, although Ole Bull, another client of ours, was perhaps on some accounts still more interesting.

At one time we were going to have a great annual meeting in the Boston Music Hall and had readily secured as speakers, the Governor, the Mayor, and various others, and then the question came how in the bright afternoon daylight we were going to secure a large audience. We advised our directors that the best to be done was to get our old client, Ole Bull, to agree to come and play the "*Carnival of Venice*." We filled the Music Hall with the announcement and then unfortunately it happened that Ole was sick in New York and had to telegraph us it would be impossible

for him to come. We secured the best musical talent we could think of in his place, but the *Boston Evening Transcript* unkindly said "that the getting of our great audience was a regular 'bull fake.'"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CRIMES AGAINST PUBLIC HEALTH.

As the readers of our Autobiographical Sketches know, we did in past years spend many hundreds of dollars in money, and some thousands of dollars in time, in investigating and exposing very widely through the press and otherwise, crimes against public health in the manufacture and sale of poisonous and dangerously adulterated articles, and in urging the establishing of societies for the protection of public health which, like our societies for the protection of animals, would be entirely free from dangerous financial and political influences, and employ agents who could not be bribed, to be constantly carrying on these investigations and exposures and publishing and sending out widely through the press all valuable facts they may ascertain, and be using, so far as possible, all legitimate means to protect public health against these dangerous articles.

While by pressure of other matters we were compelled to abandon this most important work, yet we are assured by those who know that there is great need of it now and that the only wonder is that the sickness now so great in our communities is no greater.

We do most earnestly wish that some one in each of our cities would undertake this important work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WATERING TROUGHS.

There comes to our table in *Unity*, Chicago, an interesting article showing the great need in country towns of watering places for animals. We are fully alive to that fact, and through the kind and generous donation of the late Arioch Wentworth have given assistance to one hundred and twenty-seven Massachusetts country towns in putting up watering places for animals, on or near each of which are inscribed the words, "Blessed are the merciful." GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE FIRST WORK-HORSE PARADE IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.

We were glad to receive on September 11 a kind letter from the eminent Cleveland writer, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, enclosing newspaper accounts and pictures of the first work-horse parade in Cleveland, which occurred on September 7. About eight hundred work-horses took part in the parade, which surpassed the hopes of its friends, it being in all respects an eminent success.

We think the time is fast approaching when all our important cities will have annual work-horse parades, which will be of vast service to the work-horses of our country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IT PAID TO BE KIND.

By Sarah K. Bolton, Cleveland.

Snow lay deep on the ground, and during most of the week a slow, half-freezing rain chilled everyone who stepped out-of-doors. Men pulled their overcoats tightly about them, and horses shivered in the pitiless and constant storm.

Going to the home of a friend, I saw a small, shaggy dog crouching under the window of a near-by residence, as though to shield itself from the rain and cold. She was a young black spaniel, prettily marked, with white breast and feet. I did not suppose the owner of the house, a lady whom I knew well, was aware of the presence of the little creature.

"Oh! yes," she said, "the dog has been around here for a week. I didn't feed her, for I didn't want her to stay. I have taken the broom to her to drive her off the porch, but still she stays."

Hurt and surprised at such a statement, I said: "She is cold and hungry and so small. I wish you could find a warm nook for her. The storm is dreadful for us, and not less for a homeless dog."

Death had not entered her home, as it did later, nor the pinching of poverty, to make her heart tender. If the dog died she did not hold herself responsible. Her children would gladly have taken it in, but she would not have it.

Burdened already with the care of many animals, I took her home. She nestled into my arms and sobbed almost as if human. I could not see any way to keep her after she had recovered from the exposure, and advertised in the newspapers that a home was wanted for a pretty spaniel dog.

A few days later a man and his little boy came six miles to see me. They had seen the advertisement, and the boy of six urged his father to come and get the dog.

I questioned the man, and found that there had been a struggle to keep his family, but, like many another poor person, he had a heart to help a homeless dog, and a desire to make his little son happy.

I learned that he was a mattress maker by trade, that he repaired many at his little shop, and was eager for more work. A well-known Episcopal clergyman had interested himself in the family, and influenced several of his parishioners to send him work. The minister's words and acts went hand in hand.

I heard later from the man of the comfort the lost dog gave them, how she watched his coming home at night, her face pressed against the window pane beside that of his little boy, and of his gratitude to me for saving her.

The well-to-do woman had no room in her nice home, but in that of the poor man there was enough and to spare.

I determined that the good deed of this man should not go unrewarded. I sent him work, interested my friends, and without any asking on his part he was abundantly rewarded for his kind act. His whole family had been made happier by the grateful dog. The child had a companion; she slept on his bed, and shared his bread and butter. Her affection paid them a hundred fold.

How much the well-to-do woman missed

in her selfishness! And yet there are many like her. It will take a good deal of preaching from our pulpits, and teaching in our schools, before we are awakened to our duty to the dumb, and live up to our high privilege of following Him who said, even of the sparrows: "Not one of them is forgotten before God."—*American Primary Teacher.*

GREAT GIVERS.

A kind letter coming to us this morning from our good friend, the eminent writer, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton of Cleveland, Ohio, calls to mind that some years ago she wrote a book entitled "Great Givers" containing the names and short histories of many millionaires and multi-millionaires of our country who have given large sums to educational and other institutions, and to our surprise we found among the names of Rockefeller and his contemporaries of great wealth, our own. It was not because we had given a large sum of money [which it would have been impossible for us to give] but because she thought that in giving so much of our life to work in the interest of humanity we were entitled to a place on her list.

Of course it was and is more gratifying to us to receive kind expressions of opinion while we are living, than to have a stone monument erected to our memory in some cemetery after we are dead.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A WELL AUTHENTICATED NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING BURIED ALIVE.

In the Worcester, Mass., *Telegram* of July 12 an account is given of how Charles Balcom had been pronounced by his physician dead, but just as they were closing the coffin at the burial his mother noticed a twitching of a finger and he was saved. Mr. Balcom resides at 139 Grafton street, Worcester. The doctor, who had pronounced him dead, was an excellent physician. The stethoscope showed no action of the heart whatever, and the physician tried various methods to determine the existence of life before he pronounced Mr. Balcom dead. When his mother, at the funeral, discovered this twitching of a finger, the doctor was called again and ordered Mr. Balcom put to bed, and worked for hours before he detected a faint action of the heart. This all happened when Mr. Balcom was ten years old. He is now thirty-one years old.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO THE READERS OF "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

To the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* it is no news that our own father, being pronounced by his physician dead, came very near being buried alive and that we have written much on this subject and petitioned the Legislature of every State and written the president of every State Senate and the speaker of every State House of Representatives asking legislation to prevent, so far as possible, burial alive.

And we have frequently urged the formation of insurance companies or branches of life insurance companies, which shall erect comfortable and not expensive buildings, where the bodies of all insured shall be taken after physicians shall pronounce them dead and be there kept under proper attendance, medical and otherwise, until the *only reliable sign of death from disease* shall be made certain by the beginning of decay. I am sure there are thousands of persons in our hotels, boarding and apartment houses and elsewhere who would gladly give a hundred dollars for themselves and for each of those dear to them to have such assurance that burial alive shall in their case be impossible. Will some humane gentleman, who has more time than I have, take hold of this work?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

CHRISTIAN NATIONS.

Look ye forth, ye Christian nations, o'er the old earth's lands afar;
From the south sky to the north sky, once ablaze with Bethlehem's star;
From the east sea to the west sea—war and threatenings of war,

And the Cross high over all!

Ye have wept the blinded heathen bowing down to wood and stone;
Ye have thanked the God who made ye that his truth was to ye shown;
Ye have builded altars to him, over blood-stained shrines downthrown,

With the Cross high over all!

In the place of Him who suffered, for the world's sin to atone,
Ye have made of gold an idol, reared for it a golden throne;
Ye shall see its feet are moulded of rude clay—when all is known,

For the Cross is over all!

For the voice that on Golgotha naught but love and pity spake,
Tho' a brow and hands were bleeding and a heart with anguish brake;
Hark! the thunder of your cannon, 'neath whose wrath your brothers quake;

And the Cross high over all!

Of the love wherewith He loved ye, ye have forged a sword of flame,
And ye smite all souls who thwart ye with the vengeance of the same;
And ye do it (God forgive ye!), for the honor of His name,

And the Cross high over all!

One among ye rose in protest, praying war's black curse might cease;
That your swords be turned to ploughshares, that your harvests might increase;
But ye cared not, and ye spared not, and ye mocked his prayer for peace,

And the Cross high over all!

* * * * *
Do ye think the lengthening centuries have made null Love's grave commands?
Do ye think the tramp of armies drowns the voice of His commands?
Or your cannons crash the weeping that is rising from the lands,

With the Cross high over all!

Nay, His golden scales are poised, and within your hearts are laid;
And your creeds are blown, like dust wreaths; by *your deeds your lives are weighed.*
Heed ye, lest ye be found wanting, spite of all the prayers ye've prayed,

With the Cross high over all!

Toward His judgment seat eternal tread ye all life's sacred way;
Who the conquerors, who the conquered, He alone can truly say;
By the love ye bear your brothers shall He judge ye all, one day,

With the Cross high over all!

FRANCES BARTLETT,
In *Boston Evening Transcript.*

A WHITE DOVE IN CHURCH.

A Newton, Mass., young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited this summer. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ and listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many church-goers, the weather made no difference to the dove, as every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ.

BLACK BEAUTY.

We are glad to announce that the famous drama of "Black Beauty" begins its fall and winter campaigns at Brockton, Mass., on October 7.

As our readers know, we offered in behalf of our American Humane Education Society a prize of one thousand dollars for the best drama of "Black Beauty" that could be written, and out of a wide competition it was won by Miss Flavia Rosser, of Butler, Bates county, Mo. Within twenty-four hours after it became our property, we sold it to the dramatic firm of Atkinson & Thacher for twelve hundred dollars. They had it dramatized, and wherever played it had drawn great applause, and universal praise from the press. During vacation it has had several changes to make it still more attractive, and now we understand it is to be widely presented to audiences in our own country and perhaps elsewhere.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, FIRE HORSE.

There is at least one horse in the Cambridge fire department of more than ordinary intelligence. He is attached to ladder 4 in Wyeth square, and is the pet of the house. His name is Nick. He has been carefully trained by his driver, Bernard J. Coakley, so that no urging is necessary to make him obey words or whistles.

Every day when he feels that it is meal time, starting about five minutes before the regular time for eating, the horse starts to beat a tattoo with his forward hoof on the door of his stall. Any failure on the part of his attendants to pay attention to this notification calls forth more forcible kicks until his grain is given him.

At bedding down time Nick shows his breeding better than at any other part of the day. When the doors in front of the horses are thrown open he goes forward with the others and takes his place on the floor underneath the harness.

As soon as the bedding down is done Driver Coakley gives a slight whistle and the horse returns to his stall.

"Come on, Nick," whispered Coakley to the animal to demonstrate the extent of the horse's intelligence to a reporter, and immediately the horse backed from the stall.

He walked immediately to the oat bin, on which there is a knob. Grasping this knob in his teeth he turned it and raised the cover. Sticking his head within the bin, he started on what promised to be a bountiful repast if he were left alone.

A word from the driver called the animal to his side, whereupon in a low tone of voice the former said, "Shake, old boy," and the horse raised one of his forward hoofs and placed it in the driver's hand.

The horse is looked upon as one of the family in the fire house and often plays a trick or two himself. One of his diversions when he finds one of the men in the oat bin closet is to refuse to allow him to come out until a lump of sugar or other dainty has been placed in his mouth. He is not averse to searching through the men's pockets for apples when there is any indication that he might find one there.

"Nick" is a gray roan with black points, is about eight years old and weighs about 1400 pounds. He has been in the Cambridge fire department for about three years.

—Boston Herald, July 26, 1908.



BLACK BEAUTY.

THE "CHICAGO TIMES" ON HORSE-RACING.

We find the following in the *New York Tribune*, quoted from the *Chicago Times*:

Wherever boiled dog is regarded as a luxury, clean shirts an abomination, and scalping a more respectable occupation than agriculture, there the horse-race will be found established as the highest enjoyment. The English retain much of the savagery of their ancestry. They are substantially the same people, save some snobbish American imitators who indulge in the cowardly sport of a fox hunt; and it is these people, still semi-savage in these particulars, from whom we have the fashion of horse-racing and steeple-chasing. In a moral sense, the race-horse is no more nor less than a roulette wheel, a faro deck of cards, or any other of the appliances employed in gambling. The chief patrons of horse-racing are professional gamblers, as it is to them simply a variation in the kind. When to the barbarism of the race is added a cruelty that shocks the sensibilities of humane people, the atrocities connected with the hurdle contests, the practice should be suppressed summarily as are other gross offences.

The above reminds us of the great battle we fought years ago at our State House to stop the practice of some of our wealthy men of shooting pigeons from traps for sport and on gambling bets.

We told these wealthy men and the three

lawyers who represented them, that they were in the same boat in their sports with another class who, if they could get possession of our Massachusetts government, would make real estate of no more value in Boston than it was in Sodom.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A HORSE'S SENSE.

(From *Buffalo Horse World*.)

Editor *Horse World*:

Dear Sir:—In the issue of the *Horse World* of May 27, I noticed an article under the above heading. It brought to mind a very strange circumstance, which happened back in about 1857. A man by the name of Walker, who lived in Mansfield, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., bought a black mare in Canada. After having her a few years he sold her to a minister, who had her bred. When her colt was about five months old the minister emigrated to the West and shipped the mare and colt at Buffalo on a vessel for Chicago, with himself and family. The boat encountered a terrific gale soon after leaving Buffalo, and came near going to pieces. Everything that in any way was thought to relieve the danger was thrown overboard. Among the rest were the mare and colt, with a number of other horses. The boat finally weathered the storm and arrived safely at Chicago. The minister was repaid for his mare and colt. He wrote Mr. Walker about it, and said although he received ample pay for the mare and colt, it nearly broke his heart

when he saw them struggling in the water, where they must shortly drown in the waves of old Lake Erie. Soon after this Mr. Walker received a letter from the man of whom he had bought the mare in Canada, saying he was thunderstruck one morning to find the black mare, with a fine colt by her side, standing by the old barn door. How she got there was the puzzle. Had Mr. Walker sold her to some one in Canada, or how was it that she came back home? Finally, the thing was explained. The boat happened to be somewhere near where the mare was raised and when she was thrown overboard she must by some sense have found out she was near her old home, started that way and was followed by her colt. The man said he would never let her again be taken from the farm if he could help it, but was willing to pay for her. How it was at last settled I never learned, but many old residents of Cattaraugus county will remember the circumstance, which was considered a remarkable happening.

EM. PIERCE.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1908.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-three thousand and twenty-four.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than five.

JOSEPH L. STEVENS.

It was with profound regret and sorrow, that, just before going to press with our October issue, the sad news came to us that our good Secretary Emeritus, also director of both of our humane societies, with whom we have been most pleasantly associated in our humane work during the past twenty-five years, Mr. Joseph L. Stevens, passed, on the evening of September 18, from his earthly home at Milton, Mass., to what we hope may prove for all of us a higher and happier existence.

During the long years that he has served faithfully in our offices he has made thousands of people happier by kind deeds and actions which will be long remembered. All in our offices feel they have lost a friend, whom it was always a pleasure to meet.

He was buried at Gloucester, Mass., on September 21st.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the September meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held this morning, President Angell reported that three thousand five hundred and eight animals had been examined in the investigation of complaints during the month, one hundred and thirty-five horses taken from work, and two hundred and sixteen horses and other animals humanely killed.

The Bands of Mercy now number seventy-three thousand and twenty-four.

Mr. Angell has been in correspondence with the distinguished actress, Mrs. Fiske, to obtain a play of "The Christ of the Andes" in which she will take the leading part, and it seems quite probable at present that with the assistance of Mrs. Fiske a play will be produced which will attract a world-wide attention.

Mr. Angell also reported that a plan has been started in Canada of having an international celebration of the hundredth year of peace between the United States and Canada without a single fortification or armed vessel on either side. Mr. Angell has been asked to aid in bringing this about, and will urge it upon the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines who receive his paper every month.

On September 11 he received from the eminent writer, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton of Cleveland, Ohio, newspaper cuttings and pictures showing that the first work-horse parade in that city had been a splendid success, about eight hundred work-horses taking part in the parade. Mr. Angell suggests that the time is soon coming when nearly all our principal American cities will have annual work-horse parades similar to those which were started in Boston.

Mr. Angell also reported that the drama of "Black Beauty" is to start on its fall and winter campaigns at Brockton, Mass., on October 7.

Boston, September 16, 1908.

A KIND LETTER.

It gives us great pleasure on September 14 to receive from Biarritz, France, a draft of one hundred dollars for our American Humane Education Society, accompanied by the following: "My kindest regards for you, dear Mr. Angell, forever and forever."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORDS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"My first wish is to see this plague to mankind (war) banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind."

ONE DAY'S WORK OF OUR MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN SUFFOLK COUNTY.

On August 28 we had eight prosecutions before our municipal court in Boston, and they occupied a special session of our municipal court, under Judge Forsythe, the entire day for their trial, resulting in fines in six of the cases amounting to one hundred and fifteen dollars, two of the cases being put on file for further consideration.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WATERING TROUGHS.

All our agents, paid and unpaid, are hereby especially directed and requested to see that all watering places within their jurisdiction are kept clean, and promptly report to our headquarters, 19 Milk street, any case where they find difficulty in obtaining pure water.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A MODEL ORDER.

York, Pennsylvania, Sept. 4, 1908.

George T. Angell,

Dear Sir:—Kindly send us six hundred copies of "Black Beauty" bound in heavy paper for use in our schools. Kindly send bill and Board will pay same on the 10th of this month.

Send to Central School Building.

Very truly,

DAVID N. CRIDER,

Secretary of Public School Department.

TOO MANY SIGNED EDITORIALS.

A new correspondent in a distant State sends us a letter full of praise, but concluding with a kind suggestion that perhaps too many of our signed editorials may lead some persons to think that [in our eighty-sixth year] we are growing egotistical. We reply: First, that our signed editorials have brought from friends hundreds of thousands of dollars to our humane societies, and second, that our friends who contribute to our humane work don't care how many times we sign our name to our editorials, and what those who never give anything to our humane work think about it, is a matter of no consequence.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ONE OF OUR KIND LETTERS.

A good friend in Lowell sends us a kind donation of twenty-five dollars for our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the following:

"I rejoice daily in your courage, strength of mind, and success in your life work, and my prayer is that the dear Lord will still continue to uphold your hands for many years to come, and that more and more interest in your glorious work may be aroused and find expression in bountiful donations to carry it on. God bless you. And ever remember me as your friend."

Miss MARTHA M. BUTTRICK.

MEMORIAL FOUNTAINS FOR HORSES.

We are pleased to learn from Mr. Sidney Trist, editor of *The Animals' Guardian*, London, and secretary of the London and Provincial Anti-Vivisection Society, that in addition to the memorial fountain for horses, which we have previously described in *Our Dumb Animals*, another has been erected by Mr. Tebb of Rede Hall, Burstow, England, on which is inscribed, "In memory of the mute fidelity of the four hundred thousand horses killed and wounded at the call of their masters during the South African War, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine to nineteen hundred and two, in a cause of which they knew nothing, this fountain is erected by a reverent fellow-creature."

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

SAVED THE LIFE OF A CHILD.

Rev. Fr. Martin Mahony sends us cuttings from both the *Minneapolis Tribune* and *Journal*, showing that Mr. H. H. Weeks of 2010 Nineteenth avenue decided that his old St. Bernard "Bonnie Doon" was too old to live and requested the Humane Society to send its wagon to take him away and mercifully kill him. Before the wagon arrived Mr. Weeks' little boy, four years old, playing on the lawn, was attacked by a vicious bull dog, "Bonnie Doon" jumped between them, saving the child, and getting badly bitten himself. Mr. Weeks now says there is not money enough in Minneapolis to-day to buy the dog.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ARMY DOGS.

The German army dogs are so trained that when they find a dead body they set up a prolonged howling. If no one comes they take the dead man's cap or some small article, and with this in their teeth go on a hunt for their trainer, whom they lead to the spot. If the man is wounded he gives his cap to the dog, and the same object is accomplished.

—Animal World, London.



DOG OF THE GRAND SAINT BERNARD.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF A DOG.

[From the Berkshire Animal Rescue League.]

Have you ever been so fortunate as to have the friendship of a dog? The feeling of love and friendship is attributed usually to human beings alone, but anyone who has ever been loved by a dog will bear me out in the statement that there is no tenderer devotion than his, no deeper affection or more unselfish attachment. He obeys like a child, defends like a tiger, is happy when you are happy and miserable when you are sad. Look at him as he lies there at your feet while you read your evening paper. He watches every motion with those steadfast, beautiful eyes. He is on the alert for any order you may give, sensitive to your slightest movement. You go away and leave him, he waits patiently your return. A long separation breaks his heart. He even refuses food and is restless and unhappy until your face smiles down upon him again. And when you meet once more with what unchecked enthusiasm, what frank and innocent delight, he greets you! Suppose misfortune overtakes your pathway, friends forsake you at the lowering of the cloud, you may be in disgrace with all the world, but your dog still loves, still trusts, still abides in friendship as firm as the everlasting hills. You can never be quite forsaken while he lives. Oh, this is something worth the having, is it not? Do you think the earth holds any reasoning friendship half so noble, so fine or so pure as the unreasoning affection of your dog? C. M. OGILVIE.

HE SAVED TWO LIVES.

(From Philadelphia Press of August 30.)

Deeds of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. The mantle of death forever covers scenes which will be buried in oblivion until the time when all secrets are revealed, and justice—stern, implacable justice—is meted out to all.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped; day after day had the men worked their way, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party remain in camp and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, started out to find a trail which would lead away from a veritable death trap of the terrible Valdes Glacier. For days did these two wander, until nature succumbed and they lay down weary and exhausted, to sleep the sleep from which there is no awakening.

Their faithful companion clung to them, and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to the camp. This was a forlorn hope, but it was the only chance they had. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast around his neck, and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to go and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which these men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were resigned to their fate, from the drifting and blinding snow bounded their faithful dog, and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last Topeka going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary looking dog. But "that dog will never want as long as we two live," said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE
CONTESTS
IN HUMANE
SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

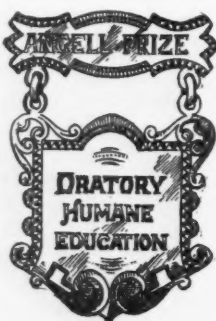
GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

In hiring a herd, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herd, we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 50 cents at office, or 60 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF
HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I hereby offer five dollars to any person knowing of cruelty to any horse in Massachusetts who will give us *in court* the evidence necessary to convict; also for similar evidence *in court* to enable us to convict any person of cruelty to any other domestic animal in Massachusetts, I offer a prize of not less than two dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:
For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.
For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.
For Southeastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L. Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

[From *Medford (Mass.) Mercury*.]

A driver who was beating his faithful equine on Main street Tuesday afternoon was a very much surprised individual when a little Band of Mercy boy snatched the whip out of his hand. The driver was no match for the youngster in running, and my little friend still has the whip.

"I would not give much for that man's religion," said Sir Arthur Helps, "whose cat and dog are not better for it."

"The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide."

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herd, or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:
(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

INTELLIGENT CAT REFUSED TO DIE.

Students of one of the big universities in this city have a cat that has utterly refused to become a martyr to science. Its history is another instance of the refining and elevating influence of science, says the *Chicago Times-Herald*.

Prof. — asked J. P. Morgan, the janitor, to get a cat for him, as he wished to illustrate his lecture on "Respiration" by experiments upon the animal. Mr. Morgan succeeded in getting one with the aid of some small boys. When his students had assembled the professor put the cat into the glass receiver of the air pump and began to pump out the air. Before the piston had time to move more than once or twice the cat began to feel very uncomfortable, and discovering the aperture through which the air was escaping, put her foot on it and thus corked the pipe and stopped the removal of the air.

Several subsequent attempts to carry on the experiments were alike ineffectual, for as soon as the glass cover was put over her and she felt the removal of the air the cat would put her feet over the pipe and keep them pressed there.

The students, struck by the remarkable intelligence shown by the cat, asked the professor to liberate the animal and loudly cheered her self-possession when the cat, after coolly cleaning herself and smoothing her ruffled fur, jumped down and rubbed against the legs of the students sitting on the front bench. She is now permanently annexed to the college and an object of interest to all visitors.

DOGS AND CATS.

[From the *Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette*.]

George T. Angell, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, is a good and unselfish man and has done a great and undying work in humane education, resultant in real and loving kindness to animals. But he does, now and then, place emphasis in the most unexpected and interesting places. He wrote, almost bitterly, against the Spanish war, making the climax of each editorial plea against war the consequent terrible suffering of and wrong to the horses, and especially the mules. Now in this September number of his paper a short editorial note—a somewhat commanding note—begins: "Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors—" At this point the reader involuntarily pauses for a series of "Amens," followed by a series of expressive blanks as fond memory recalls the all-night barking of that chained fox-hound next door, and those midnight feline symphonies.

SHE PROBABLY SAVED HER MASTER'S LIFE.

(From the *London Leader*.)

Mr. Leon Schneidemann, a tin worker, of No. 43 Upper Maudlin street, Bristol, has a cat which he intended to drown a short time since when it was suffering from a broken leg. But he put off the evil day, and he, as well as his sister and a couple of other persons living with him, are now very thankful that the life of "Baby," for such is the name of the cat, was spared.

"Baby" was in the habit of going up to her master's bedroom every morning and pawing his face when it was time for him to get up. But one morning last week shortly after 2 o'clock he felt a little annoyed at "Baby's" attentions, which he deemed premature, and he was about to send her downstairs when he noticed that the room was full of smoke. Springing out of bed, he discovered the place was on fire. One of the inmates only saved his life by jumping from his window into the street, and but for the timely call of "Baby" it is probable Mr. Schneidemann and the other occupants of the house would have been suffocated in their beds. Fortunately their lives and "Baby's" were saved.

A TRUE STORY.

On June 7th we received from our kind friend, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, president of the national "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," the following, which will be read by many thousands of white-ribboners and others with pleasure. We would add that we have been glad to count among our friends [ever since as a little girl she used to go out in our boat with us when we rowed for exercise], Miss Gordon, whose name has since become known wherever the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" has raised its banner:

The Story.

"Miss Gordon and I were on the parlor car where we had spent the night.

"We were nearing San Francisco when our attention was attracted by a wee bit of a kitty not more than six inches long, running as fast as its little feet could go behind the conductor as he went from the car. Miss Gordon thought the little thing had escaped from a basket and was in danger of being crushed. She went quickly to its rescue, and as she took it up the conductor said, 'Somebody put it on the train at the last stopping place just to tease me. I do not know what to do with it. I hate to throw it off, but I am not allowed to let it stay.' Miss Gordon took it up carefully and in a few moments it was nestled down fast asleep. But the question was what could be done with it? We were going to be entertained by strangers and felt hardly free to take it with us, especially as the home where we were to stay was one of the most aristocratic in the city. So Miss Gordon asked two or three kind-looking ladies if their homes were in San Francisco, thinking they might adopt the kitty, but they were either going beyond or boarding, or there was some good reason why they could not give pussy a home. All the while it was sleeping very peacefully, unconscious that it was a homeless waif. It did not awaken while we were going across the ferry from Oakland, but tucked away under Miss Gordon's jacket rested contentedly after its fright and anxiety. Arriving at San Francisco we were met by a delegation of white-ribboners, who looked very curiously at the little waif but said nothing. When we reached the stately home where we were to be entertained Miss Gordon simply and sweetly told the story, and the dignified mistress of the home smiled and took the kitten and said the maid would be pleased to take care of it, and while we were doing our work in the great city the little stray kitty was enjoying life, not knowing the danger it was in of being taken to the San Francisco place of deposit for stray animals.

"I am writing this little incident to impress the children with the thought that one so well known in this and other countries as 'the children's friend,' and one who also holds the dignified position of vice-president-at-large of the national W. C. T. U., would not see even a kitten in danger of being hurt and not try to rescue it. I hope more and more the children will take an interest in the work of the Bands of Mercy or adopt it as a part of the work of the L. T. L., as it surely ought to be.

"As we were leaving the hospitable home of our gallant host, one of San Francisco's wealthy citizens, we discovered that the maid who had taken care of the kitten for us thought we were to take it away with us, but this we could hardly do as we had six weeks' traveling ahead of us before reaching our home in the East. Our host, noticing the embarrassment, took the little thing in his hands, looked into its bright little eyes and said, 'Would you like to have a home with us, little kitty?' and then added, 'you certainly shall have it.' I need not add that we went on our way rejoicing that there were so many kind hearts in every walk of life, and while it could never enter into Miss Gordon's heart that she had done other than right to rescue the little kitty from its dangerous position on the train, she of course felt deeply gratified that it had found such a home."



Published by kind permission of Mr. C. H. Jones, Editor of the beautiful *Cat Journal*, Rochester, New York.

TWO PUSSY CATS.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *The Independent*.)

I.

The Pet Cat.

Dainty little ball of fur, sleek and round and fat,
Yawning through the lazy hours, some one's household cat,
Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay,
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.
Dining like an epicure, from a costly dish,
Served with what you like the best, chicken, meat or fish,
Purring at an outstretched hand, knowing but caresses.
Romping through the house at will, racing down the hall,
Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised by all,
Wandering from room to room to find the choicest spot,
Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.
Sleeping on my lady's lap, or dozing by the grate,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!
Loved in life and mourned in death, and stuffed maybe at that,
And kept upon the mantle shelf—dear pet cat.

II.

The Tramp Cat.

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.
Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones.
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,
Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only blows,
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.
Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into the street.
Tortured, teased and chased by boys, through the lonely night.
Homeless little beggar cat, sorrow is your plight.
Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that,
Picked up by the scavenger—poor tramp cat!

JET.

By Abbie F. Ransom.

Little Elmer lived in the country on the top of a high hill. On one side of the house the hill sloped away to a beautiful brook where Elmer used to play for many hours at a time. He would build tiny dams where the water could go rushing over the stones, singing the sweetest songs you ever heard, and again he would whittle out a water wheel, and fix it in the brook, so that the wheel would turn round and round as the water ran over it. It was a nice place for a boy to play, and mamma knew that no harm could come to him among the trees, with the birds singing around him and the brook for a companion.

But one day when Elmer went to the brook, he heard the funniest whirring noise in the goldenrods which grew near a big maple, not far from where he built his dam. At first he thought it might be a great bear which had somehow come there during the night. Or, perhaps, it might be one of those hostile Indians Brother George was reading about in his history lesson. So he stood very still and listened for a moment, opening his bright brown eyes just as wide as he could. But no matter how wide he opened them, he could see no trace of a bear or Indian, so he tiptoed very, very softly in his bare feet down to the edge of the brook.

Even there he could not catch a glimpse of anything, so he waded through and went quietly to the spot where he had seen the goldenrod moving, as though something was beneath it. Then he bent down and what do you suppose he saw? A poor, wounded crow, struggling and trying its best to get away. Some cruel boy must have thrown stones at it, for one of its wings was broken and its leg. It looked up, when it saw Elmer, and tried still harder to get out of the way, and made the queerest kind of a moan, as if to say:

"Don't hurt me, little boy. Go away and leave me alone; only I wish you might help me."

Now Elmer was just seven years old, and at first he was almost afraid to touch the crow at all, but after a moment he reached his hands down into the goldenrod, and lifted the poor bird up very tenderly. Then he held it carefully against his red blouse and carried it back to the house, talking to it all the way.

Now, it happened that the doctor was there to see Elmer's mamma about some grapes she had to sell, and when he saw the crow he set its wing and its leg just as carefully as though it was Elmer himself who was hurt. Then mamma made it a bed in a box in the woodshed where nothing would disturb or frighten it. It was only a few weeks until it was well, and by that time it had grown so tame that it would follow mamma all over the house. But Elmer was the one Jet cared most for. Jet, you see, was the name Elmer had given it, because it was so black. It would fly down and perch on his head, or if it was up in the branch of the apple tree, and saw Elmer coming, it would call out just as plain as you could say it:

"Elmer! Elmer!"

One day something occurred that made every one love Jet more than ever. Mamma was lying down to rest for an hour, and Elmer was at play in the brook when he heard Jet calling him in a very loud tone. "Elmer!" Elmer!" it called, and then stopping a moment began all over again. "Elmer! Elmer! Elmer!" just as quickly as it could cry the words.

Jet did it in such a strange way and kept it up for so long that Elmer began to think that something must be wrong. He ran to the house as fast as his little feet could carry him, and what do you think he found?

Some one had set the grass on fire by the roadside, and it had crept up until it was burning the chips which lay scattered all around the wood piled against the side of the shed built close to the back kitchen. A very few minutes more and the house would have been in a blaze.

Elmer saw it at a glance, and it did not take

him long to rouse mamma, you may be sure. She sent him down the road to tell Mr. Read, who lived in the next house, and while he was gone she worked all alone to put out the fire, while Jet sat in the apple tree and called:

"Elmer! Elmer! Hur—hur—hur—hurry up!"

You may be sure Elmer did hurry up, and when he got back with Mr. Read, papa was home from the city, and the fire was soon put out with very little damage, except to the wood pile. Then Jet flew down upon Elmer's head and picked at his cap with his beak, which was his way of asking for a romp on the grass.

While they were rolling around having a great time together, Elmer stroked the glossy wings of his pet and said:

"You're the dearest, nicest bird I ever saw. You saved our house from going up in smoke, and I love you more than ever."

Papa was standing by and he sat down upon the grass and threw his arms around them both.

"It all comes from your not leaving a poor wounded crow to endure pain alone, my boy. Kind actions, even to a bird, bring rich rewards. Sometimes it is nothing more than keeping your own heart warm by loving everything, but that is a great deal. There is an old, old song which goes this way:

He prayeth best who loveth most
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

—Every Other Sunday.

The crow is one of the most intelligent of birds, and we have published at various times accounts of their talking like parrots.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TAFT'S HORSEBACK RIDING.

The following is one of many kind letters often received:

Sierra Madre, California,
August 19, 1908.

Greeting to George T. Angell:

What you have said in Boston papers about Candidate Taft's horseback riding has been read with interest and approval by thousands of people all over our country who will agree with you. . . . Taft is pledged to carry out the Roosevelt policies; which mean that we are to become a military nation and follow in the footsteps of European monarchies, with millions of soldiers on the backs of the people and an enormous navy to eat up the productions of industry.

I read with great interest all you write in *Our Dumb Animals*, and sincerely believe you are doing more than any man on the face of this earth to make the world better by making people more humane. The influence of your Bands of Mercy on children, where improvement must start if we are to have better men and women, is, and will be, so great on future generations that no possible estimate of your great work can now be made. You have done wonderful things, and will leave an imperishable record when your work is ended. Not always will military men be the most prominent heroes in history, for the man who does something to make wars impossible will yet eclipse them as a public benefactor, and such a man is George T. Angell. Long may he live. (Signed) CHANNING SEVERANCE.

TELEGRAPHED TO ENGLAND.

A friend tells us that what we said about Taft's horseback riding has been telegraphed to England, though no mention was made of his riding forty miles to attend a horse race and leading the german at the hotel in the evening.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The *Watertown Times* says that the spectacle of a horse grazing in a front yard, while a goose kept him from straying by holding the halter, did not attract so much attention as it would if the goose had not been a "tailor's goose," weighing about twenty pounds.

FROM FAR OFF NOME, ALASKA.

We were pleased to receive on September 9th from Rev. Lambert L. Woods, president of the Humane Society at far off Nome, Alaska, a letter in which he tells of the cruelty inflicted there upon dog-teams and horses which are left hitched to telephone poles or elsewhere in front of liquor saloons sometimes all night, and in some instances for more than twenty-four hours unfed and uncared for. The price of hay there is from sixty to seventy dollars a ton and grain in the same proportion. Vast numbers of dogs are used in transportation and endure great suffering. There are quite likely more dogs, he says, in Nome than in any other city in the world, unless it be Constantinople. The Society has endeavored to do useful work by posting as extensively as possible, placards warning all people against cruelty to animals and offering ten dollar rewards for information leading to clear cases of prosecution for cruelty. But the Society suffers much from the want of proper funds. We know perfectly well what the trouble is of getting funds in cities in process of formation where everyone finds use in personal matters for all the money he can get.

When we went to Chicago in the winter of 1870 and '71, to organize a Humane Society there, while we secured the assistance of the editors of all the daily papers of the city and the kind wishes of best citizens, it was about impossible to raise any funds and it cost us about six hundred dollars out of our own pocket and about six months' time out of our profession, before we could get the Society there on a solid foundation.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FROM RENO, NEVADA.

It gave us great pleasure to receive, on August 28, from J. W. Redington, *Nevada State Journal*, Reno, Nevada, a most interesting letter, telling how he listened to our words many years ago as a boy in Boston and the influence which they have had on him in his attempts to promote kindness to animals. He also spoke in praise of Major-General O. O. Howard, his great commander, whom he says "is one of the most humane men he ever met."

What he says about General Howard, whom we should have been glad to have had President of the United States, brings to mind the following:

Shortly after our Civil War we had a strong desire to do some kind of missionary work and with that object obtained from leading residents of Boston letters to leading secessionists of the South, and from General O. O. Howard an order to all the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau [which he then commanded] to give us all the assistance we desired. At the same time we took from ex-Senator Chandler, then assistant secretary of the Treasury, an order to all the employees of the Treasury in the South to give us such help as we wanted, and then we started on one of the most interesting trips of our whole life to investigate the conditions of the whites and colored people at the South, talking with secessionists, with agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, and employees of the Treasury department, and visiting schools and attending various public meetings. We could have found much useful work to have done at our own expense in the South, but the good "providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may" had decided otherwise.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In moving don't forget your cat.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

WONDERFUL.

Julian S. Cutler.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing is a grass-blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till Doomsday-shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?—
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed,—
But all Earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Commonplace is a bird, alway,
Everywhere seen and heard,—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till Judgment Day,
Never could make a bird.

—The Century Path.

As we have been listening to the reading of the above poem, at our summer boarding place, we have been looking at an orchard, right under our window, of pear trees and apple trees covered with beautiful and juicy fruit, and the thought comes to us of the wonderful goodness of the Creator in bringing out of the wood of these trees what so delights and nourishes us. GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHY NOT GIVE DUMB ANIMALS SUMMER VACATIONS?

(From Boston Globe.)

I do not go so far as to assert that every man should dispense with his beast's services for a certain portion of each year, as in the case of a small storekeeper the loss for only say a week of his solitary horse would be a great and serious hardship.

But all employers of horse labor are not so situated. Let our wealthy folks provide an annual rest for the willing slaves that drag their vehicles over all sorts of roads, all day long, and every day and in all weathers.

Let them turn their tired steeds into a grassy pasture with plenty of pure country air, and nothing to do, not merely when the poor beasts are run down and absolutely unfit for work, but every year. The owner deems a yearly visit to some seaside or country resort necessary in order to recuperate from business worries, but his horse may slave on from his birth to his death without a single week's rest to break the monotony of existence.

I would strongly recommend horse-owners to adopt my suggestion. Their reward, apart from the humanity of the cause, will be found in the improved condition and strength, as well as longer life of their hard-working dumb servants.

We have early closing, eight hours a day, and other movements, all calculated to benefit the human worker. Why not start a movement to provide our horses with a well-earned annual holiday? HUMANE.

OUR EXHIBITIONS OF WILD ANIMALS.

Many people think the *Los Angeles Daily Times* is the ablest newspaper in California, and here is what it says, in its issue of August 23, about the exhibition of wild animals in our cities:

"We take animals from their natural state and environment, subject them to long and intensely trying voyages, bring them into unwanted climates, give them unnatural foods, and torture them into submission by training which must often, necessarily, be cruel. We deprive them of their liberty and give them in place of their free, native forest, desert, or



"HIGHLAWN" AUBURN-HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN HERD.

Used by kind permission of *The Worcester Magazine*.

jungle, an iron cage, barely large enough for their turning. We shut up creatures which are, by God-given instinct, free, wild and fearful, where they can by no means escape the constant staring of human eyes, the constant teasing of human voices, the constant tantalizing of human brutes; we pen animals which are antagonistic, by age-long breeding in close proximity—all to gratify our curiosity. No one who has watched the lion, king of beasts, traveling endlessly back and forth, back and forth, in a cage scarcely more than his own length; no one who has seen the leopard restlessly padding to and fro, hour after hour, or the magnificent Bengal tiger, crouching in the farthest corner of his cage and glaring with angry, puzzled eyes at the passing throngs, wonders that sometimes these majestic beasts rise in wrath upon their keepers, or rave madly at their confinement. The sight of the Polar bears in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on a hot day, stepping, stepping, constantly back and forth upon a cake of ice, scarcely large enough for standing room, with tongue hanging out and panting for breath, is a lesson in cruelty which goes far to undo the teaching of the schools and the humane societies. No more pitiful object on earth can be found than the deer confined in a pen, huddled in motionless despair, as they dream of the mountains and the freedom they have lost. Even the monkey folk, in spite of their antics, are a touching sight, when one remembers the forest tops that are their natural habitat.

"And by what right, except that of might, do we capture free creatures and confine them for life in quarters which would madden domestic or human animals?"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS."

The August edition of the above publication of the Boston Animal Rescue League comes to our table, admirably printed and very interesting. We find in it nearly four pages on the subject of Hydrophobia, taken from the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, of May 25, and published in leaflet form by the Women's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 36 South 18th street, Philadelphia. Strong opinions are given in regard to the little danger from this disease by Dr. Charles K. Mills of Philadelphia, Dr. George H. Hart of the Animal Industry Bureau of Washington, Dr. Henry W. Catell of Philadelphia, Dr. Samuel D. Gross of Philadelphia, Dr. Charles W. Dulles of Philadelphia, Dr. Matthew Woods of Philadelphia, and Dr. Hiram Corson. To all of which *Our Four-footed Friends* say, "That during the past nine years our Animal Rescue League has seen no case of rabies among the twenty thousand dogs received and no worse results from any bite of dog or cat than temporary inflammation. Fits from indigestion, heat, or nervous shock have been the trouble in all cases reported."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HYDROPHOBIA.

H. Clay Glover, veterinary surgeon of New York City, writes the *Pet Dog Journal*, of Rochester, New York, that for twenty-five years he has treated the diseases of dogs, and that for over twenty years he was veterinary of the Westminster Kennel Club which gives the annual dog shows at Madison Square Garden; that it was his duty to examine every dog admitted, and they frequently had about two thousand on exhibition, and never a single case of rabies. He says that ninety-nine out of every hundred that are killed as mad dogs are merely in fits, and the people who slaughter them are more mad than the dogs.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A TRIBUTE WELL DESERVED.

"George T. Angell, editor of *Our Dumb Animals* and patron saint of all humane societies, has just celebrated the completion of his 85th year. Mr. Angell says that he is getting the best out of life and still enjoys it to the full. And who will wonder that he is thus well and cheerful even at so ripe an age? His life has been devoted to the protection of those who cannot protect themselves. Humanity and the dumb animals have been his constant care, peace and good will the gospel of his life, and love of all things which live the outpouring of his great, manly heart. A man who thus devotes himself cannot fail when he comes to the age of fourscore years to be possessed of a serene and peaceful mind. There are few men living who have done the good that George T. Angell has done and if it were possible it would be better if he would live forever to spread the gospel of humanity. "God bless the old man!"

—Madison (Wisconsin) Democrat.

The above kind notice brings pleasantly to mind the evening, years ago, on which I had the pleasure of addressing a large audience in the Representatives' Hall of the State House at Madison, Wisconsin, three years previous to which, after ten days of hard work, I had succeeded in organizing at Milwaukee the Wisconsin Humane Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OPINION OF LEADING PHYSICIAN.

Walter M. James, M.D., Editor of the *Homœopathic Physician*, Philadelphia:—"I am uncompromisingly opposed to vivisection of animals, as very little knowledge is gained by it, and it is a shocking outrage upon the animal creation. The value of medicines in the cure of disease can be determined only by trying them upon healthy human beings, to determine their scope and sphere of action. To make tests upon animals, either to arrive at a conclusion as to the value of drugs or to solve some question of physiology, is an unspeakable outrage upon them, and does not afford the information sought."

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|--|-------|------------------------------------|-------|--|-------|---|-------|--|
| New Bands of Mercy. | | | | | | | | | |
| 72777 | Coningsby, Ont. Coningsby Band. P., Hazel Sargent. | 72810 | Div. 3. P., H. F. Johnson. | 72842 | Cheshire, Conn. Cong. Sunday School Band. P., Marion Peters. | 72873 | Lindsay, Ontario. St. Paul's Band. P., Miss Lizzie Nesbitt. | 72906 | Arthur, P. O., Ont. Mt. Hope Band. P., Fern. Bayne. |
| 72778 | Roxbury, Mass. Boston Corps No. 157 Band. P., Mrs. Anna M. Pettigrew. | 72811 | Div. 4. P., M. E. Smith. | 72843 | Salt Lake City, Utah. Salt Lake City Band. Secy., Rene Woolley. | 72874 | Manchester, Mass. G. A. Priest Sch. Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Fenderson. | 72907 | Johnston Band. P., Roy Haldane. |
| 72779 | Farmingdale, N. Y. Charity Band. P., Ruth A. Powell. | 72812 | Div. 5. P., M. R. Brown. | 72844 | Scituate, Mass. Jenkins School Bands. Div. 1. P., Miss Lois Thompson. | 72875 | Div. 2. P., Miss Clark. | 72908 | Glendale, Cal. Glendale Church School Band. P., Mrs. B. B. Davis. |
| 72780 | New Castle, Pa. Belle Braham Band. P., Miss Mattie Pascoe. | 72813 | Div. 6. P., E. L. Mangan. | 72845 | Div. 2. P., Miss Sewall. | 72876 | Div. 3. P., Miss Alexander. | 72909 | Providence, R. I. Meeting St. Special Sch. Bands. Young America. P., E. I. Gage. |
| 72781 | Oak Avenue Band. P., Miss Bessie B. Crawford. | 72814 | Div. 7. P., K. L. Hartnett. | 72846 | Div. 3. P., Miss Barrie. | 72877 | Div. 4. P., Miss Breene. | 72910 | Rhode Island. P., Annie L. Stimpson. |
| 72782 | Shannon, Ill. L. T. L. Band. P., Wayne Boyle. | 72815 | Div. 8. P., C. B. Townsend. | 72847 | Div. 4. P., Miss Gardiner. | 72878 | Div. 5. P., Miss Tozier. | 72911 | Thayer St. Primary Sch. Bands. Loyal Helpers. P., Sarah A. Allen. |
| 72783 | Oregon City, Oregon. District No. 80 School Band. P., Mr. Robert Ginther. | 72816 | Div. 1. P., A. H. Ware. | 72848 | Div. 5. P., Miss Gillis. | 72879 | Div. 6. P., Miss Goldsmith. | 72912 | Loyal Helpers. P., Mabel E. Williams. |
| 72784 | Lynn, Mass. Cook St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., K. Agnes Donovan. | 72817 | Div. 2. P., A. L. Conlogue. | 72849 | North Scituate, Mass. High St. School Band. P., Miss Josephine Ward. | 72880 | Div. 7. P., Miss Henry. | 72913 | Covell St. Primary Sch. Bands. Golden Rule. P., M. W. Mason. |
| 72785 | Div. 2. P., A. B. Mangan. | 72818 | Div. 3. P., L. L. Byrne. | 72850 | Egypt, Mass. Hatherlee School Bands Div. 1. P., Miss Grace B. Simons. | 72881 | Div. 8. P., Miss West. | 72914 | Happy Workers. P., F. S. Ryan. |
| 72786 | Div. 3. P., K. F. Brogan. | 72819 | Div. 4. P., M. M. Sutton. | 72851 | Div. 2. P., Miss Knight. | 72882 | John Price School Bds. Div. 1. P., Miss Leonard. | 72915 | Willing Workers. P., A. L. Tinbitt. |
| 72787 | Div. 4. P., E. M. Nichols. | 72820 | Div. 5. P., Dorrice Downing. | 72852 | Div. 3. P., Miss Jenkins. | 72883 | Div. 2. P., Miss Taylor. | 72916 | Sisson St. Primary Sch. Bands. Willing Workers. P., May L. Watson. |
| 72788 | Bachelor School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. G. Ferris. | 72821 | Div. 6. P., L. E. French. | 72853 | Div. 4. P., Miss Curtis. | 72884 | Div. 3. P., Miss Sanderson. | 72917 | Kind Workers. P., Eva I. Fanning. |
| 72789 | Div. 2. P., M. H. Nash. | 72822 | Div. 7. P., Sarah Guello. | 72854 | Millbrook, Mass. Millbrook School Band. P., Miss Sadie Paulding. | 72885 | Byfield, Mass. Byfield School Bands. Div. 1. P., A. M. Bartlett. | 72918 | Kind Little Helpers. P., Flora E. Hunt. |
| 72790 | Div. 3. P., Eugene Cross. | 72823 | Div. 8. P., Emily Curtis. | 72855 | Point School Band. P., Mrs. Mary Devereux. | 72886 | Div. 2. P., S. A. Cheney. | 72919 | Hospital St. School Bds. James P. Eddy No. 1. P., Annie E. McCloy. |
| 72791 | Div. 4. P., L. M. Hunt. | 72824 | Div. 9. P., Helena Baldrey. | 72856 | Centre Grammar School Band. P., Miss Mary Kauffman. | 72887 | Div. 3. P., E. M. Torrey. | 72920 | No. 2. P., M. L. Young. |
| 72792 | Euclid Ave. School Bds. Div. 1. P., E. C. Berry. | 72825 | Div. 10. P., Clara Randall. | 72857 | Centre Primary School Band. P., Miss Chaffin. | 72888 | Div. 4. P., M. A. Davenport. | 72921 | No. 3. P., L. N. Mowry. |
| 72793 | Div. 2. P., Kate Merritt. | 72826 | Div. 11. P., Georgia Beeker. | 72858 | South Duxbury, Mass. So. Duxbury Sch. Band P., Miss Ellen Downey. | 72889 | Div. 5. P., M. A. Davenport. | 72922 | Warren Street Primary School Bands. Garfield. P., E. S. Robinson. |
| 72794 | Div. 3. P., S. M. Jewett. | 72827 | Div. 12. P., Annette Howes. | 72859 | Island Creek Band. P., Miss Grace Peterson. | 72890 | Div. 6. P., J. P. Lowell. | 72923 | Lincoln. P., F. W. Robinson. |
| 72795 | Div. 4. P., L. C. Brooks. | 72828 | Div. 13. P., Kate Merritt. | 72860 | North Duxbury, Mass. Tarkin Band. P., Mrs. Ida Raymond. | 72891 | Div. 7. P., E. M. Ryan. | 72924 | Whittier. P., M. E. Lovegrove. |
| 72796 | Highland School Bands. Div. 1. P., B. B. Bartlett. | 72829 | Div. 14. P., S. M. Jewett. | 72861 | Ashdod Band. P., Miss Hastings. | 72892 | Div. 8. P., S. J. Rollins. | 72925 | Longfellow. P., A. C. Magnus. |
| 72797 | Div. 2. P., A. M. Donohoe. | 72830 | Div. 15. P., G. B. Cutts. | 72862 | No. Duxbury Band. P., Miss Ella Hodgdon. | 72893 | Div. 9. P., Mr. Harry Johnson. | 72926 | Amherst St. Primary Sch. Band. Willing Workers. P., L. M. Corcoran. |
| 72798 | Div. 3. P., G. B. Cutts. | 72831 | Div. 16. P., A. G. Billings. | 72863 | Marshfield Hills, Mass. North Grammar School Band. P., Miss Lydia Denham. | 72894 | Div. 10. P., Amy E. Putney. | 72927 | Willing Workers. P., Mabel E. Jordan. |
| 72799 | Div. 4. P., A. G. Billings. | 72832 | Div. 17. P., A. L. Cutts. | 72864 | North Primary School Band. P., Miss Alice Ransdell. | 72895 | Div. 11. P., Miss Mabel W. Fogg. | 72928 | Kind Helpers. P., Lucy E. Gannon. |
| 72800 | Div. 5. P., A. L. Cutts. | 72833 | Div. 18. P., A. E. Whittier. | 72865 | Union School Band. P., Miss Amy Thompson. | 72896 | Div. 12. P., Grace O. Smith. | 72929 | Little Helpers. P., Emma Midgley. |
| 72801 | Pickering School Bands. Div. 1. P., A. E. Whittier. | 72834 | Div. 19. P., M. L. Norton. | 72866 | Sea View School Band. P., Mrs. Lillie Hale. | 72900 | Lincoln Band. P., Ruth Gregson. | 72930 | Ruggles St. Primary School Bands. Golden Rule. P., Mabel Turner. |
| 72802 | Div. 2. P., M. L. Norton. | 72835 | Div. 20. P., M. E. Andrews. | 72867 | Ferry School Band. P., Miss Roxana Johnston. | 72901 | Woburn, Mass. Lincoln Band. P., Miss Lena M. Vickery. | 72931 | Willing Workers. P., Katharine A. Hogan. |
| 72803 | Div. 3. P., M. E. Andrews. | 72836 | Div. 21. P., M. L. Parker. | 72868 | South Grammar School Band. P., Miss Jessie Kemp. | 72902 | Tropico, Cal. Tropico Band. P., Miss Flora Chandler. | 72932 | Happy Workers. P., Bertha F. Nolan. |
| 72804 | Div. 4. P., M. L. Parker. | 72837 | Div. 22. P., I. G. Gray-Bagley. | 72869 | South Primary School Band. P., Miss Mabel Damon. | 72903 | Clinton, Mass. Clinton Beautiful Joe Band. P., Alfred Terrien. | 72933 | Kind Helpers. P., Caroline M. Munegle. |
| 72805 | Div. 5. P., H. C. Bean. | 72838 | Div. 23. P., S. A. Davis. | 72870 | Winslow School Band. P., Miss Edith Bryant. | 72904 | Everett, Wash. Everett Band. P., Mrs. S. Welty. | 72934 | River Ave. Primary School Bands. Kind Friends. P., Sarah L. Stetson. |
| 72806 | Div. 6. P., S. A. Davis. | 72839 | Div. 24. P., M. A. Finn. | 72871 | Brant Rock Band. P., Miss Grace Delano. | 72905 | Mt. Forest, Ont. Harris Band. P., Willie Webster. | 72935 | Kind Helpers. P., Mary B. Cram. |
| 72807 | Div. 7. P., M. A. Finn. | 72840 | Div. 25. P., J. F. Holden. | 72872 | Roxbury, Mass. The F. R. Langley Bd. P., Mr. F. R. Langley. | | | 72936 | Sunshine. P., Isabella M. Connolly. |

OH! GOD OMNIPOTENT.

Oh! God Omnipotent King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings Thy
sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy Word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-pitiful! is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Let earth to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom be
hastening,
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

OCTOBER PARTY.

October gave a party;
The leaves by hundreds came—
And Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And those of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed;
The lovely Misses Maple
In scarlet looked their best,
And balanced all their partners,
And gayly fluttered by;
The sight was like a rainbow
New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollows,
At "hide-and-seek" they played,
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder;
They flew along the ground;
And then the party ended
In jolly "hands around."

DON'T PUT A BIRD IN THE WINDOW.

"Never put a bird in the window," said a bird fancier to the reporter the other day. "I rarely go into the street in summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the windows. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draft is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in the draft, yet how few remember that there is always a draft in an open window.—*Berlin (Md.) Herald.*"

A WISE JUDGE.

Parental spankings, administered under police observation, was the punishment given three Lynn boys last evening for stealing apples. The boys are Edward Malloy, Charles Cody and John T. Powers, and they were found guilty in court before Judge Lummas. Their attorney asked that they be put on probation, but the prosecution urged that they be punished as a warning to other boys, whereupon the court decreed that their parents give them old-fashioned spankings, and that the police be represented to see that the punishment was properly carried out. Patrolman Abraham L. Grover was appointed to superintend the spankings and late last evening he reported that the court's decree had been successfully and sufficiently satisfied.

—*Boston Evening Transcript, Aug. 20.*



(For Our Dumb Animals.)

AN ADIRONDACK PICTURE.

Extract from a Letter Written by a Lady in the Adirondacks.

"All the talk is hunting the deer now, for only during this month does the law allow hunting with dogs, and no hunting has been permitted during the summer, so that the doe can care for her young fawn in untroubled quiet. Now the fawns are large enough to take care of themselves.

"A party of nine left our house very early this morning for a hunt—two ladies among them. The party was landed at different points along the river or lake. One sat alone for hours, motionless, with heavy rifle in hand, in case the deer took to the water, where there was a chance to get a shot at it. Two men with the dogs went far into the woods to get upon the track of the deer; when the dogs get the scent they are allowed to follow it. I believe they took four dogs. If a deer is started the race for its life begins; and, flying in terror before the baying hounds, it crashes through underbrush, over logs, stumps, and shrubs, till it reaches the water, and there a sweet-faced woman is ready to pour upon it a deadly fire. Let us hope that the aim is deadly, and that there is a quick end of it all to the panting, agonized creature.

"Near the railroad station here a buck, doe, and fawn have been seen for some days. Yesterday in the fog they were fired upon but only the fawn was shot; doe and buck escaped. Old Uncle Seth said: 'As sure as the sun rises they'll get that doe, for she'll come to search for her fawn!'

"So the mother love will lead her to her death, and human mothers will call it sport!"

ABOUT CATHOLICS ATTENDING BULLFIGHTS.

We are glad to learn from the *Boston Pilot* that in September, 1567, Pope Pius V. forbade all Catholics attending bullfights, and that since that time several Popes have issued orders forbidding the clergy to attend bullfights, and that in 1893 the Sacred College at Rome issued an order that the clergy should not attend bullfights.

We are at present endeavoring to call the attention of the present Head of the Catholic Church to this subject. Some years ago, through the kind assistance of our vice-president and good friend, the Most Reverend John J. Williams, we sent a variety of our best publications to His Holiness at Rome, asking the

influence of the Roman Catholic Church to aid us in carrying our work into Catholic countries, and received from the Head of the American Sacred College, acting for His Holiness, a most kind letter in reply.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

JENNY LIND AND GRISI.

We have recently read a beautiful incident. Jenny Lind and Grisi were rivals for popular favor in London. Both were invited to sing the same night at a Court concert. Jenny Lind, being the younger, sang first, and was so disturbed by the fierce, scornful look of Grisi that she was at the point of failure, when suddenly an inspiration came to her. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Her fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, and then she sang a little prayer which she had loved as a child. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a sob. There was silence, the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted her sweet eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her. There was no fierce expression now; instead a teardrop glistened on the long, black lashes, and after a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her, utterly regardless of the audience.

"NOT A SPARROW FALLETH."

We are pleased to receive from a Boston lady an interesting account of the kindness she witnessed a few days since from a group of seven small boys on Boston common in taking from the ground a little sparrow that had apparently fallen from a tree, and climbing the tree to put it back in its nest. The lady adds, "It was pleasant to see how interested and earnest the boys were, and how happily they went on their way across the common. Blessings on the Bands of Mercy and their originator." [Seven small boys made happier by one kind act to a little sparrow.]

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for August, 1908.

Pines and witness fees, \$212.10.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

C. C. Wilder, \$25; Miss Martha M. Buttrick, \$25; Mrs. F. E. Bacon, \$15; Miss Mary F. Clark, \$10; Jackson K. Sears, \$10; Miss Esther R. Holmes, \$10; Mrs. Bella Torrey, \$4; S. Carr Baking Co., \$3; A. B. Emmons, \$3; Mrs. Mary Martin, \$3; Richardson Piano Case Co., \$3; Miss Eliza Hoehn, \$0.38; A friend, \$0.37.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Willard Richmond, A. S. Paton, Dr. H. Porter Hall, Mrs. Alvah Crocker, Mrs. A. M. Pickford, Winthrop Smith, Mrs. Mary V. Polsey, Clarence C. Day, M.D., Mrs. J. L. Brigham, Miss Clara C. Peirce, Miss Annie R. Hale, B. B. Taft, David Gessner, Benj. W. Currier, E. T. Smith Co., Mrs. M. D. Howes, F. G. Smith, The Damon Co., E. B. Kingman, Mrs. Frank E. Hoyt, Geo. O. Allen, Mrs. C. P. Dickinson, Henry T. Page, Emmons Crocker, H. I. Wallace, Mrs. W. A. Richardson.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

E. B. Dolliver, A. H. Merrick, Ilione Scringeour, W. E. Sibley, F. W. Woolworth Co., S. E. Gabriel, J. F. & W. H. Warren Co., C. H. Tenney, Richard Healey, Mrs. D. F. Hunt, Mrs. H. A. Winchester, W. S. Gamage, Mrs. Daniel Kruts, Scranton Coal Co., J. C. MacInnis, G. F. Hewitt, Claflin Coal Co., Blake, Sampson & Co., R. B. Fowler, Mrs. Wm. E. Rice, Dexter Knight, F. A. Searle, Miss Mary Barnard, Mrs. W. P. Downing, Miss Mary M. Wood, Mrs. A. C. Smith, Mrs. H. M. Choate, Caroline E. Fairbanks, Train & Leshure, Miss M. B. Stoddard, F. W. Smith Co.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss C. B. Chase, Mrs. F. C., Miss Mary K. Bell, Mrs. H. A. King, Mrs. H. E. Blake, Mrs. B. F. Clough, R. E. Kidder, O. C. White, B. Austin Coates, Mrs. Jas. M. Stratton, John Jacques, F. W. Boyce, Doris B. Grosvenor, Mrs. R. D. Creamer, Mrs. Marietta Smith, Mrs. E. A. Fawcett, E. O. Wood, Mrs. L. B. Smith, Mrs. E. M. Hadley, Mrs. H. M. Witter, Jr., Mrs. W. E. Hassam, Dr. Levi White, Mrs. J. A. Farnum, Z. A. Hubley, J. F. Shearer, Geo. P. Kendrick, O. W. & J. E. May, Mrs. Alfred Thomas, Mrs. H. P. Murray, Shirley Whitney, F. C. Nichols, Miss Edith Wentworth, James Berwick, Mrs. B. F. Colbern, Patrick Mooney, Buttrick Lumber Co., Waltham Coal Co., Rev. J. C. Galligan, W. P. Thorn, F. E. Withee, M.D., Luther Paul, Mrs. Horace Perkins, Wm. P. McPherson, G. D. Miller, C. H. Spring, Solon Lovett, Wm. Cullivan, W. M. Stevens, Sprague, Breed & Brown Coal Co., Almy, Bigelow & Washburn, Geo. A. Gove, Geo. F. Wolfe, J. Edw. Hennessey, Geo. H. Jacobs, A. P. Ames & Co., E. C. Paul, Mrs. Kane, J. W. Temple, H. O. Glidden, Mrs. G. B. Prouty, Mrs. Emma Sagandorph, Prescott Wilson Co., Dr. E. W. Norwood, Mrs. Arthur Sagandorph, Chas. N. Prouty, Mrs. Emma L. Young, Miss M. F. Harding, Mrs. Ellen L. Pierce, M. E. Howard, Rev. John J. Walker, Mrs. Mary Hapgood, C. E. Gleason, Rev. J. D. Magann, Mrs. Sarah H. Ashmun, Mrs. A. H. Boynton, Mrs. C. L. Leonard, Mrs. J. P. Vinal, F. V. Bartlett, J. W. Fairbanks, F. C. Lamb, P. Nason, C. E. Smith, Mrs. G. A. Frazier, W. M. Aldrich, Ruth E. Morse, Marion E. Beaman, Miss Katie Harrington, Lewis Rice, E. W. Adams, H. F. Sherborne, M. A. Gregory, W. A. Wood, Dexter Brown, Mrs. H. M. Rockwood, Dr. G. S. Thompson, Rev. John Crowley, S. D. Spurr, C. W. Hobbs, Jr., Mrs. Woodbury C. Smith, E. Windle, Mrs. Elizabeth F. P. Chamberlain, Jane L. Smith, J. H. Washburn, F. A. Knowlton, R. F. Taylor, F. W. Taylor, E. & R. Laundry, A. F. Richardson, James Green, F. C. Charbonneau, John B. Bowker, John A. McRae, W. E. Bigelow, H. O. Smith, Miss Adeline May, Miss Eliza May, C. E. Lindberg, Mrs. E. Frank Collier, Mrs. J. H. Ames, Geo. F. Barnard, Mrs. J. E. Morse, Mrs. E. D. Buffinton, Mrs. C. H. Davis, Olive G. Davidson, H. E. Morton, O. A. Kelly, Geo. F. Blake, T. H. Murphy, Miss Alice E. Waite, Mrs. A. B. Southwick, Chas. E. Grant, Miss E. L. Pitts, C. H. Rice, Mrs. J. Henry Johnson, James N. Mitchell, W. T. Robbins, T. J. Sullivan, J. M. Hubbard, Miss E. Goodridge, Mrs. L. C. Wright, Wm. A. Hardy, C. A. Cross, F. W. Drury, James J. Phelan, Rev.

Jas. J. Donnelly, Peter B. Keiltz, Union Coal Co., Robert Marcy, H. A. Willis, Miss Jane F. Colony, A. B. Read, Mrs. Ida S. Carter, J. G. Edgerly, M. A. Creed, H. V. Lathrop, E. G. Watkins, A. B. Hodgman, Mrs. Mary Baker, F. W. Baldwin, M.D., G. H. Fulton, M. D., Everett Paine, Thos. Ingalls, W. C. Gregory, Gilbert & Cole Co., Frank Brown, William Goodwin, Salkins & Lackey, G. L. Metcalf, T. T. Marsh, Miss S. W. Clark, Smith Bros., Bay State Creamery Co., Arthur T. Clement, C. A. Metcalf, Leo R. Pearce, H. A. Crossman, C. W. Woodbury, Thos. Sutton, V. A. Rowe, Mrs. G. W. Lincoln.

Total, \$483.75.

The American Humane Education Society, \$301.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Addie MacLochlin, \$15; Miss Louise M. Foss, \$10.75; Eau Claire Book Co., \$5.25; Miss M. E. Almon, \$3; Mrs. A. Melchers, \$2; E. Jacobs, \$1.80; C. E. Breckenridge, \$0.75; Mrs. E. G. Cedarholm, \$0.75.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss Mary B. Stone, A. J. Huntress, C. W. Fitch, Amos A. Falls, Belle L. Boutwell, Mrs. L. N. Clark, Mrs. M. V. Latham.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

G. G. Tiffany, Nixon Waterman, Geo. F. Lovell, S. N. Emerson, Mrs. Alice L. Park, Miss S. Radcliffe, E. A. Pope, Mrs. M. A. Sawyer, Mrs. A. R. Larrabee, A. L. Smith, A. G. Williams, Mrs. E. C. Grenville, Pasadena Humane Society, Thomas G. Reed, Mary S. Paton, Mrs. Mary Rector, Mrs. Caroline E. Wood, Miss Eliza Hoehn, Annah Stanton, Miss M. Day, Miss S. Engel, D. G. Whelton, Susan H. Gibbs, M.D., A. R. Andrews, S. N. Cleg-horn.

All others, \$12.

Total, \$70.80.

Sales of publications, \$31.21.

Total, \$1,098.86.

The old English mercantile houses retain the names not unfrequently of the founders of the firm who may have been dead a hundred years. The following is amusing:

A solicitor of subscriptions calling at the store inquired, "Is Mr. Smith in?" "No, sir," said the gentleman who received him. "Will he be in before long?" "I don't think he will." "How long has he been out?" "About a hundred years."

"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.

"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the wastebasket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following prices, free of postage:

Black Beauty, in English or Italian, cloth 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
" " (German) . . . heavy paper 35 cts.
" " (Modern Greek) . . . paper 25 cts.
" " (Spanish) . . . paper 10 cts.
" " (Swedish) . . . paper 20 cts.
For Pity's Sake, cloth, large, 60 cts., paper 10 cts.
Some of New York's 400, cloth, 30 cts., paper 10 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth, 25 cts., paper 10 cts.
Beautiful Joe (at publisher's price).

New, illus. \$1.25; cloth, large, 62 cts., small 30 cts.
Angell Prize Contest Recitations, 16 cts. each, postage paid.

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 20 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.

Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100.

Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents.

Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell25 "

The Bell of Atri, poem by Longfellow, illustrated50 "

Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or2.00 "

Humane Horse Book, compiled by Geo. T. Angell, 5 cents each, or 5.00 "

Humane Training and Treatment of the Horse, by H. C. Merwin, 1 cent each1.00 "

Care of Horses45 "

Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell1.50 "

Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell50 "

The Check-rein, by Geo. T. Angell60 "

The Cruel Over-check Card (two sides)20 "

The Overhead Check-rein Card (two sides)30 "

How to Kill Animals Humanely1.00 "

Service of Mercy65 "

Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell1.00 "

Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, 2 cents for the whole, or2.00 "

Band of Mercy Badges. Sterling silver, 30 cents; gold or silver finish, two sizes, 8 and 5 cents each; gold stamped ribbon, 8 cents; ink stamped ribbon, 4 cents; button, white star on blue ground, 5 for 10 cents.

Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.

Band of Mercy Card of Membership, large 2 cents, small 1 cent.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet, by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to everyone asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents each; for ten and below twenty-five, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, 25 cents, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the editor, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

| | | | |
|----------------|----------|------------------|--------|
| Active Life | \$100 00 | Associate Annual | \$5 00 |
| Associate Life | 50 00 | Branch | 1 00 |
| Active Annual | 10 00 | Children's | 1 00 |

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY P. C. A.

| | | | |
|----------------|----------|------------------|--------|
| Active Life | \$100 00 | Associate Annual | \$5 00 |
| Associate Life | 50 00 | Branch | 1 00 |
| Active Annual | 10 00 | Children's | 1 00 |

All members of the above-named Societies receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free. Checks and other payments may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, or Hon. HENRY B. HILL, Treasurer.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETIES:

GODDARD BUILDING, 19 MILK STREET,
Corner Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

